

Brethren Evangelist

"I Am the Way, the Truth and the Life."—Jesus

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Editorial

Life's Triumphs Over Death

In how many ways and with what persistent repetition God reminds us that the new law of life in his universe triumphs over the interval of death, and must so triumph for all the coming ages. His smile revives the face of nature, and forms of vernal beauty, a new life, a new hope, and a joy like unto the dawn in Eden with melody of birds, the dew of perennial youth, the upspringing of rapturous aspirations, all speak to us the message of infinite love so certain and so soon to happily terminate the winter of our earthly sorrows, and bring in the springtime of a blessed immortality.

A Startling Truth

A French physician has announced a startling discovery. As the result of fifteen years' study in hospitals and prisons he publishes his conclusion that 25 per cent of the hospital patients inherited vitiated constitutions from alcoholic parents, and that 65 per cent of the criminals received the germ of their criminal instinct before birth. He also says that no habitual drunkard can have sound children, and that out of several thousand drunkards' children examined not one exception was found. This is an awful indictment and makes the drunkard a double criminal. Note the sweeping statement: *No habitual drunkard can have sound children.* And in the examination of several thousand drunkards' children *not one exception was found.* The drinking father who is rearing a family of children and imagines that he is doing harm to himself only should take to heart very seriously this tremendous and awful fact based on universal observation and experience and on the latest discovery of science. The deadly poison which gradually but none the less surely permeates the entire system of the drunkard is, by inheritance, transmitted to his sons and daughters who in turn hand down to the next generation and to the next the diseased brain and body of their drunken father. Who shall say what will be the progeny of the drunkard? If he have brought children into the world he is guilty of a triple crime: He has robbed the world of a good example and of his own life's usefulness, and second, he has deprived his family of that care and protection and helpfulness which even nature teaches him as his duty, and third, he goes into eternity leaving as his legacy to humanity children of a diseased brain and moral nature, and a possible drunkard, with all the evils that accompany such a life, for every child of

which he is the father. It is an awful thought and carries with it a responsibility which if fully realized would crush out a human life, the thought of bequeathing to the world young men and women with the germ of a criminal instinct born into them. How shall they rid themselves of this soul-damning inheritance which has come to them without choice? And on whom rests the awful responsibility and on whom shall fall the righteous and crushing judgment for transmitting to an innocent offspring the possibility and the probability of disease and drunkenness and debauchery and crime? And these are the sons to whom clean fathers and mothers are to give their daughters in marriage, and yet liquor men wonder why their business is so strenuously opposed.

We are told sometimes that in the good old days when strong drink flowed freely, when it was kept in the farmer's and in the mechanic's cellar, when in the harvest field it was drunk as freely as water, that in these olden times there was less drunkenness than there is today with all the restrictions which legislation has thrown around the traffic. But let such remember that this present generation is but reaping the harvest of that awful and that reckless sowing. Shall there be another generation like it? Does the drunkard realize the hell of agony he is preparing for his innocent helpless children by indulging his appetite for strong drink? The late Joseph Cook, the great Boston lecturer, in one of his lectures on the evils of alcohol on the brain said, "The house founded by Daniel Webster has become extinct. He himself was a moderate drinker. His son was a drunkard, and with his grandson the love of drink was an insanity, and he fell before he had passed his thirtieth year. I know a superb preacher, who always kept wine on his table, and justified its use. His son went to an insane asylum. The diseased blood corpuscles were transmitted from father to son." These words of warning from the great Boston preacher and lecturer should strike the souls of moderate-drinking fathers like a thunder clap and awaken their deadened conscience. It is the moderate drinker that furnishes the recruits for the army of drunkards. If every drunkard in the United States were to die today in less than ten years there would be as many drunkards as there are now. Where do they come from? Not from the total abstainer. Where then? From the ranks of the moderate drinker. Of one million moderate drinkers today, more than 900,000 will be in drunkard's graves in less than twenty years, and some will go by way of the prison and the scaffold. In the face of these incontrovertible facts, and in the light of universal observation and the sad and sorrowful experience of all who have indulged the appetite for strong drink, what shall we say of the father who continues his course of madness and folly and heedlessly places the wine and the beer bottle on